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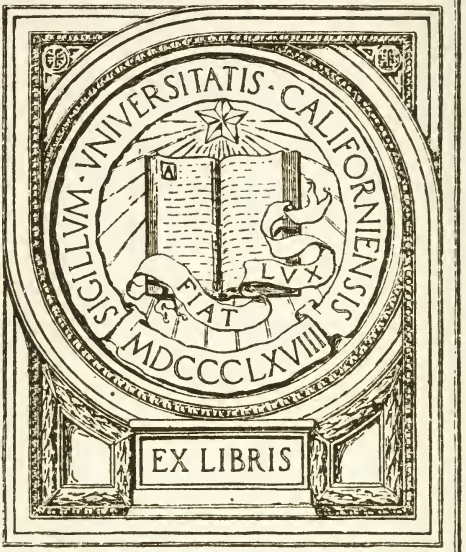

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THE CAIRNS OF IONA:

AND OTHER POEMS.

By Mrs H. Faussett.

DUBLIN
PORTEOUS AND GIBBS, PRINTERS
16 WICKLOW STREET.

THE CAIRNS OF IONA:

And other Poems.

BY

ALESSIE BOND.

AUTHORESS OF

"THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH," ETC.

Mrs H. Fauss

DUBLIN:

GEORGE HERBERT, 117 GRAFTON STREET.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1873.

PHELAN

TO MY DEAR MOTHER

These Poems,

AS ALL THAT I CAN OFFER HER,

ARE

MOST LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

A. B.

October, 1872.

810313

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Cairns of Iona	9
Cairn Cul ri Eirin	13
The Angels' Hill	15
Blessing the Sword	18
The Death of St. Columba	20
A Wave at Staffa	23
Dothan	24
Set Free	27
The Hosts of the Lord	29
"In Thee and for Thee"	31
Saint Brigid's Fire	33
Wells in the Valley	35
The Martyrdom of Bishop Patteson	37
New Year's Bells	40
"The Things that are God's"	43
Changed to Wine	44
The Waters Healed	46
Katie's Rest	48
The Cross of Monasterboice	51

PAGE.

The Angel Sister 53
"Thy Will be done" 56
Peace 57
Baptized with Fire 57
God's Marks 59
Strasbourg, 1871 62
July 63
St. Matthew, xiv. 28 65
Psalm lx. 9 66
St. John, xx. i. 68
Psalm xxxvi. 9. 69
St. Luke xxiii. 26 69
St. John iv. 50 71
Psalm xxxi. 5 73
Hebrews ii. 18 74
Acts iii. 1-8 75
Philippians iv. 7 76
Psalm lv. 23 78
St. John v. 4 80
Livré 81
The Praise in St. Paul's 84
Lochwood Tower 87
"The Fashion of this World" 89
The Psalm of Dawn 91

THE CAIRNS OF IONA.

IN the waters o'er whose white swell rolling
Come the boats when wintry breezes lull,
There be islands by whose shores the steersman
Passing, seeks the rocky Sound of Mull.

Jura, with a majesty of darkness
Round her three sublime, defiant cones,
Save when, flash'd behind them, red the sunset
Lights a fiery way to golden thrones.

Skye, that frowns upon the struggling morning,
Darken'd with the strife of clouds and waves;
Bute with all her vassal rocks, and Islay—
Staffa with her dim cathedral caves,

Where the fluted pillars watch'd in order,
And the solemn arches curved in grace,
While as yet no thought of Him who made it
Had illumined that grandly-shadow'd place;

For the wailing sea made music only
Where men bow'd before a block of stone,
And the mournful rocks heard many a sorrow,
But gave back no soothing for its moan.

'Mid the isles one lonelier islet nestled
In its gold-girt robe of green and gray;
Unto it a little bark at evening
Came and anchor'd in the moonlit bay.

Who is he that stands on far Iona
With a prophet's message on his soul,
That hath urged him on through winds and waters,
Where the tempests are the bells that toll?

Who is he with spirit like his Master,
That when Death mow'd down could not be still?
Ah! 'tis one of Erin's great apostles—
'Tis the saintly-hearted Columbkill!

From the headlands of their own green Erin,
One of those that made the nations bright—
One of those that o'er the wide world's darkness
Flung the gleam of everlasting light.

And he told the tidings of salvation—
Spake of Him who led our war, and won—
Till they turn'd in faith to God the Father,
By the Eternal Spirit, through the Son.

Then he died; but dying left behind him
For the living Church no stately dome.
High-soul'd Aidan, holy Vigilantius,
'Neath a wooden shed spake words of Home.*

Hath he died, while yet his work is living?
Can the soul of Erin ever die?
Hath it not the life that gains in giving,
Making rich for all its poverty?

Hath it not the passionate burst of Peter?
Hath it not the eagle love of John?
Are its voices not the Boanerges
That with Christ's own words go sounding on?

* The beautiful churches of Iona, which have been long in ruins, were not built till the year 1205, several centuries after St. Columba's time.

Shallow thinker! linger in the sunset,
On a little mound of this lone isle,
Where the old man sat and mused at evening,
But in gazing check that scornful smile.

Thou wilt see an ancient fane in ruins,
Thou wilt only hear the waves plash low,
Yet thou needst not say, "An idle story,
Dead and gone a thousand years ago."

No more dead than is the hidden treasure
Open'd after many years at need.
No more false than is the broken calyx,
That hath strew'd and sown its precious seed.

O'er the distant isles and Alpine mountains,
Far o'er vales by stranger seldom trod,
Words of his the changing years have wafted
To men's souls, and won them back to God.

I will tell thee more! Perchance thou deemest
Erin's Church a dying captive now;
But she lighteth as of yore her beacon,
And its gleam falls glorious on her brow.

And, as round the bay of far Iona,
Men have raised their cairns to mark the place
Where her pilgrim brought his boat to anchor
When he came to tell them of Christ's grace;

So shall millions bless her sons hereafter,
When these hearts are still, these lips are dumb.
They will wave her torch above the tempest,
O'er the darkness, till her Monarch come!

CAIRN CUL RI EIRIN.*

LIKE a brave ship with her stern to the sunset,
Cleaving a path that none other has cleft,
Spreading her sail on the bosom of darkness,
Looking not back to the land she has left,

Went St. Columba forth, bearing the Gospel
Far where the wild isles slept cold on the sea;
With him were twelve in the prime of their manhood,
Earnest of soul and of gentle degree.

* Literally, "Back to Erin." Seeing a faint outline of the Irish hills from the island of Colonsaye, where first they landed, St. Columba said to his twelve companions, "We have not gone far enough." Continuing their course, they came to Hy, (afterwards Iona,) where they could look "back to Erin" no more.

Onward and on, till the promise of morning
Wrote on the hills of a rock-girdled bay,
Then spake St. Ronan, "Say, here shall we anchor,
Waking Heaven's music on rude Colonsaye?"

Climbing a crag, St. Columba look'd seaward,
Shading his brow with an eloquent hand.
Lo! on the verge of the waves like a vision
Rose the blue hills of too lovely a land!

"Anchor not here! When the vow hath been spoken,
Should a sad thought ever weaken its spell?
Not where our eyes see a shadow of Erin
Must be our home. We have loved her too well."

Where the ground-swell setting in from the Atlantic
Pulseth, the light bark went labouring on,
Till on a headland of distant Iona
Stood that true order of Knights of St. John.

His, by descent of the highest commission,
His, by the love that is deathless and brave,
Came they to conquer the isles for their Master,
Bearing the Cross that hath vanquish'd the grave.

Never a line of that Isle in the distance
Rose to enthral them with memories now!
Faltering hands must not carry the banner—
Lips must not blench that have utter'd the vow.

Raised they a cairn, that its stones should remind them,
In the dark moments when hope must be crost,
Not of the visions of joy left behind them,
But of work to be done for a world that was lost.

Soul! if a memory mournful or tender
Hinder thy way or unman thee for strife,
Read on these stones by the light everlasting—
Turn from the dream to the purpose of life!

THE ANGELS' HILL.

GO up and across St. Ronan's sands,
Go round by the Martyrs' Bay—
By the path that St. Columba went
At eve, on the hill to pray.

The simple faith of the isle is pure,
Ay, pure as he left it still;
And the graceful legends lingering there
Call that mount "The Angels' Hill;"

Where the hoary father loved to rest
And muse in the evening late,
At the hour when thoughts go to and fro
Through the bars of the sunset gate.

At night, in the dark, there were moving lamps,
And the glancing of torches seen;
The islesmen said 'twas of angel bands
On the place where the saint had been.

And oh! if they wait on the heirs of light
That are nearer the Throne than they,
If the weary prophet felt their care,
If they watch o'er the Church's way—

If they love to look in her saintly eyes,
Though with toil and trouble dim,
And to gem the names on her battle roll,
Was it strange they should come to him?

For they heard a voice that its music gave
To litany and to psalm,*
And they knew what dauntless thoughts and brave
Were beneath that bearing calm.

They follow'd his long, long gaze at night
O'er the depths of the starlit sea;
They look'd, with him, for the glorious light
That should brighten the years to be.

And still at eve when the wanderer stands
On the marge of Columba's isle,
Do not angels weave with their viewless hands
The dream of his saintly smile?

* It is said that when St. Columba and his companions, (on first going from Ireland to evangelize the Pictish Scots,) went to ask of Brude, the Pictish king, that he would confirm them in possession of Hy, as the seat of their mission, they found his castle gates closed against them; but they soon gained entrance, and the grant they sought, by singing psalms.

BLESSING THE SWORD.

"GIVE me thy blessing, Father, for it is the eve of fight,
And the war-cry of my people shall ring on the hills to-night.
I go to lead our islesmen on the faithless heathen's track;
Should I not fight as my my fathers fought, and win their glory back?

"Here is the sword that in battle must never turn aside,
Here is the brand that must drink of blood, as the wild hart drinks the tide.
But bless it ere I go! for who 'mid all the foe shall stand
Before the leader with the steel that hath touch'd Columba's hand?"

The old man took the maiden sword, he look'd upon the boy
Standing before him in the flush of a warrior's new-born joy.

Not his should be the hand to cast one shadow of a cloud
Upon the heart that had trusted him with its impulse brave and proud.

"Yes, I will bless thy sword, my son! Oh! never may the blight
Of human blood unjustly shed bedim its stainless light;
And be the hand that wields it bold, but merciful in strife—
For not the chief that loveth death shall win a nation's life."

The young blood that had boil'd and burn'd to lay the heathen low,
Felt through its fiery heat the tide of mercy pulsing slow;
And firmly, but with thoughtful brow, he took his sword again,
And led the battle, not to crush but to guard the rights of men.

THE DEATH OF ST. COLUMBA.

THE last faint gleam of the sunset gold
Hath sunk in the western wave.
Over the isle the night-winds blow,
Sighing tenderly, moaning low,
Like mourners o'er a grave.

'Tis meet, tis meet that his life should close
Where he watch'd and toil'd so well.
How is he keeping this last, last night,
That the taper burns so late, so bright
In his sternly simple cell?

A scribe sits there with parchment scroll—
"Now haste thee, my son, and write!
Take thou no rest till the death-rest fall,
And watch thou, too, for the Master's call,
That cometh so oft at night."

The monk wrote on, with eager hand,
None other sound was there.
For the grief in his soul might find no breath
In the presence of work—in the presence of death,
Till the bell should sound for prayer.

"I would thou hadst closed the golden psalm
With the close of this passing life.
But these words are meet for my last farewell—
They will call the next brother like matin bell
To pray for the holy strife."

The words that look'd from the speaking page,
That had touch'd so deep a chord
In the old man's heart, would thine eyes, too, see?
They were, "Come ye children, hearken to me,
I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

* * * * *

"'Tis the midnight bell! I will enter in
Where my children kneel, once more."
And there follow'd one, with torch a-light,
To guard his way through the gusty night
To the lowly entrance-door.

But he pass'd in alone, in the dark,
For the storm had quench'd the lights.
And there, as he knelt on the ground to pray,
His soul with the midnight rose, and away
To its home on the holy heights.

They found him there, with the smile of God
On the calm of his saintly face.
And when the deep hush of their pain was o'er,
And they bare him out through the lowly door,
'Twas an anthem fill'd the place.

They laid him low for his quiet sleep
By the Church's western bound—
But a few of those that had loved him best!
For the storms were out; and of all the rest
No boat could cross the Sound.

Till the days grew calm, and they bore him back
To the land of his earliest love;
And a coffin was laid in his own green isle,
For her balmy tears, and her proud, sweet smile,
Though her saint was in rest above.

Rise up and fashion a tribute meet,
If ye may, to a life like this,
Whose glorious crown was of souls that rose
From a world of graves, from the ranks of foes,
To the land where Christ gives bliss.

A WAVE AT STAFFA.

ON! on! thou diamond-wreathed and sunshine-crested,
Thou glorious symbol of what life should be!
For though 'tis but a wave, thereon hath rested
A solemn gleam from far eternity;
And though it break o'er hidden rocks like thee,
'Tis but to rise with mightier burst on high,
Nor bow its lofty head toward earth to die.

O rush of life on death! O awful beauty
That hath dark depths, and yet a brow of light!
Life! when thou breakest, break like this, on duty—
And nerve some soul, and make some musing bright.
Pour through its aisles some anthem of His might,
Then sinking, lie on God's cathedral floor,
But He shall brighten thee for evermore.

DOTHAN.

2 KINGS vi., 15–17.

THE clang of war is on his ear;
From host to host the Syrian call
Resounds; but not with eyes of fear
He gazeth from the city wall.

Yet tremble some, of soul as brave,
Before that challenge hurl'd in pride,
Where thousand banners darkening wave,
And down the ranks red warriors ride.

Where shall that one small fortress be,
When rolls the thunder of their shock
In fury o'er it, like the sea,
That chargeth on a lonely rock?

Still rapt and calm the prophet's gaze
Beyond the bristling war-line turns.
Beyond the strife, beyond the haze
That shadows earth, what splendour burns?

Above that wild, defiant camp
What shining horsemen fill the air?
No clash of arms, no measured tramp,
No shout, no bloody spear is there.

Silent the angel-legions wait
To chase the foe from Dothan's wall—
The scornful foe, in pride elate,
Who sounds his haughty challenge-call.

Oh! still as rank on rank the hosts
Of sin come charging through the dark,
And wild the tempest breaks our coasts,
And raves in madness round Thine ark,

Give Faith the deep prophetic gaze
That turns serene and brave to Thee,
And charge Thine angels with our ways,
And touch our eyes that they may see!

If sorrow cloud life's morning time
Show us what only faith beholds—
Thine angel-watchers ranged sublime
'Neath Thy bright banner's mystic folds.

Thou wouldst not summon to Thine aid
The legions twelve, in that dread hour.
When hell's dark bands against Thee made
The onset of their awful power.

But Thou, alone, wouldst conquer there,
That we alone might never be,
That never soul should know despair,
Who by that hour makes plaint to Thee.

O Christ, the God of angels bright!
To Thee we look, to Thee alone,
For Thy redeem'd in inner light
Shall kneel the nearest to Thy throne!

SET FREE.

"But as for me, I will come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy mercy; and in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple."—PSALM v. 7.

"FROZEN, and chill'd, and stranded," they said with an icy sneer—
"Black as yon tide her heavens—she will go with the dying year."
But the Angel came at midnight, and the grasp of ice gave o'er,*
And the Ship moved onward grandly to her deeps from the inland shore.

The Angel came at midnight, but not with the voice of death.
While the last of the twelve was tolling, the land felt a living breath;

* At midnight between 1870 and 1871, as the connection between the State and the Church of Ireland ceased, an intense frost vanished.

Through the wintry dawn came a promise of the
summer of life to be,
One chain that had bound her was broken, and
Ireland's Church was free!

Thousands of voices blending pray'd the Helmsman
still to keep
Her course from the hidden shallows, through the
dangers of the deep.
I heard, and I knew there were dangers, but my
heart rose o'er their care,
With the bound of that glorious vessel on the mighty
wave of prayer.

And they echoed the old psalm's music—"We will
go to Thy house, O Lord!
In the multitude of Thy mercies." We praise Thee
with glad accord.
In the might of Thy Spirit's blessing, we will suffer
and work for Thee,
Till Thou bring our Ship to anchor at the mouth of
the Crystal Sea!

THE HOSTS OF THE LORD.

EXODUS XIV.

THERE was a sound of marching, a measured tramp of men,
It echoed to the Pyramids *—it shook the land again.
Why, why did Egypt tremble, and Pharaoh's cheek turn pale,
As died a hum of voices upon the midnight gale?

Tall rose the stately standards, waved out the banners free,
Though round them lay the desert—before them roll'd the sea.
Weak women, tender children, for that great march were strong,
As rank on rank he marshall'd them, the leader of the throng.

* Supposed to have been partly the work of the children of Israel.

God breathed upon the waters—the dark abyss was cleft—
The deep surged back! its sounding walls stood up to right and left.
Went down the gleaming standards far o'er the billows' bed,
And the wondrous march wound onward where'er their signal led.

The foe! the foe upon them! the horsemen thronging fast!
The green waves towering o'er them in spell-bound might but vast!
Dark Pharaoh's chariots gaining behind them, yet unseen,
The Hand that beckon'd onward, that hung a cloud between!

Uprose again the standards in light along the coast,
And a Leader ranged beneath them the tribes of Israel's host.
Then hark, the roll of thunder! the deep waves' awful roar!
For whelm'd in wrath and horror, the foe shall rise no more.

O Saviour, from Thy burial who didst arise for me!
Hath not Thy Church her thousands to marshal still
for Thee?
Lead still Thy people onward, through all the chainèd
flood,
To the hosts that none can number, made perfect by
Thy blood!

"IN THEE AND FOR THEE."

COLLECT FOR THE QUEEN.

"IN Thee and for Thee!" Evermore
Our motto true be this,
The Church's rallying-cry of yore
Through warfare unto bliss!

By honour and dishonour now,
Through good report and ill,
Oh! grant us 'neath Thy cross to bow,
And clasp its banner still.

"In Thee" the weakest will grows strong,
The darkest spirit, fair,
And high resolves around it throng,
And thoughts of praise and prayer.

"For Thee!" Oh! from no martyr's lot
Thy faithful children shrink!
Through lonely pain Thou leadest not
Like that which Thou didst drink.

"In Thee and For Thee!" Through the air
Shall sound this battle-cry;
And what may Faith not do and dare
Beneath her Saviour's eye?

Where'er Thy flag shall be unfurl'd,
The Church's watchword be,
While militant in this rough world,
Still "In Thee and for THEE!"

SAINT BRIGID'S FIRE.

BY the wood of the oak, in green Kildare,
In a low stone cell of the chapel gray,
They have shown the place where a maiden fair
And a chieftain's daughter, knelt to pray.

She had heard the tidings by angels brought,
She had learn'd that life was in Christ alone;
She had clasp'd the faith the Apostles taught,
And had cast away her gods of stone.

On the things of Heaven she placed her mind,
And watch'd for the way her love to show;
She tended the sick and she led the blind,
And she taught the poor what they should know.

Saint Brigid died, but the legends tell,
She had lighted a flame where none now appears,
Charging her maidens to tend it well,
And it died not out for six hundred years.

Plunder and tempest and hostile band
Might ravage the valleys of green Kildare,
Might kill the peace of her lovely land,
But not that flame, nor her people's prayer.

Where is the fire of devotion now,
To burn through a lawless age and ill?
Shall clearer light show neglected vow,
And wiser virgins have fainter will?

Arise and shine! for the spell is o'er.
Wave high the torch they would rend away!
Let the words of God, as they were of yore,
Be the beacon of Erin till break of day!

WELLS IN THE VALLEY.

GENESIS xxvi. 18.

"And Isaac digged again the wells of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham, his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham; and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them."

HELP us to dig in the valley, since Thou art leading us there!

That the living spring may sparkle and rise to the touch of prayer.

They may drive us from Esek and Sitnah—we strive not for things like these.

Let the Philistine take what he covets. We have that which he cares not to seize.

Let us watch by the wells, for we love them! they were dear in the days of old,

To the souls of departed fathers, and theirs is a depth untold.

But Saviour! who camest to Sychar, who pleadest above our strife,

'Tis Thou alone who canst fill them with the springing wave of life.

As Sunday by Sunday we gather to learn from the
Book of Peace—
As morning and evening we ask Thee that evil and
sin may cease,
Take away what earthly hindrance soe'er we have
suffer'd to rest
Twixt us and the Living Water! Thou knowest our
way the best.

Then room for the sheep to pasture! room for the
flocks to lie down!
'Neath the hand of Him that telleth them they shall
pass by vale and town;
They shall come to the heavenly country, at the
breaking of the day;
They shall drink of the Living Water, for the stone
is roll'd away.

THE MARTYRDOM OF BISHOP PATTESON,

1872.

HOW will ye mourn the warrior, that fell as warrior ought?
How praise the hero that hath found the glorious meed he sought?
Ah! drop no tear upon the page that burns beneath his name—
Breathe never sigh, but raise your song to notes of proud acclaim.

How shall we name thee?—as a knight of ancient line and true,
That kept his knighthood's vigils, and all its training knew,
That look'd on all the world could give, and scorn'd its ease like dross,
To bear the foremost banner in the Battle of the Cross?

How shall we think of thee?—as one who dared the
winds and waves,
On heaven's sublime discovery, and brake men's
living graves;
Whose mighty mind in patience turn'd its wide lin-
guistic lore
To wake the first Te Deum on a Melanesian shore?

Ah! no, thy style and title owns a bearing far more
bright,
For martyr is a grander name than hero, sage, or
knight!
The lofty joy was thine, afar upon the wilds to trace
The Master's life! and loftiest souls wear still the
lowliest grace.

* * * * * *

An oarless boat is floating within the wide lagoon,
It holds a strange, dark, silent mass, that ye will know
too soon.
No soul is there, and from the lips there comes no
voice of prayer.
Row, row beneath the Southern Cross, with the
burthen ye must bear.

And lay your bishop on the deck, and look your last,
nor weep!
There will be time enough for tears when ye give
him to the deep.
Smooth out the bloodstain'd vestments' fold, with the
reverent touch of love,
And think upon the Crown of Thorns that won our
crown above.

Leave him in rest. No hope forlorn was that his
Saviour led,
Whose love is deeper than the sea that shrouds His
sainted dead,
Whose mysteries of grace sublime transcend time's
little loss,
And all our pain, with all our sin, we lay beneath His
Cross.

Yet mourn ye must, but mourn as those who look'd
on Stephen's smile,
And closed the eyes that saw the Lord beyond death's
awful aisle.
Rouse! by that vision, rouse! for love and shame of
heart, to pray
That he who gifted such a soul would quicken ours
to-day.

O Crowns of all the martyrs! O Lives of all the saints!

O Choir of Christ's redeemèd hosts! your noblest anthem faints

Your bravest light but sparkles dim before the glory due

To Him who bought you with His blood, and gave Himself for you!

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

CLANGING hoarsely, tolling softly, changeful on the changing wind,

Wail the bells in solemn dirges, "Dying! dying! left behind!"

Chiming sweetly, pealing gladly, when the midnight turneth o'er,

Chant the joy-bells, "Living! living! press ye on to things before!"

What is dead? and what is living? Tell me, O thou Sacred Page!
What the heart must leave behind it—what it hath from youth to age.
Death is lurking, death is mingling, death is folded up in life,
Till we know not oft what hinders from what helps us in the strife.

Yet I see that life for ever lives beyond this misty breath,
And we leave behind us only that which hath the seed of death.
Whatsoe'er may serve a purpose high or holy, good or kind,
Is a talent, one or tenfold, that I dare not leave behind.

Dare I bury in oblivion thoughts of pain for good undone,
Since from sense of bitterest failure 'tis that noblest ends are won?
May the time of pain or pleasure be a dead, forgotten scene?
Shall not God on high remember in the judgment what hath been?

Yes, O heart! but leave it with Him! leave it now
before His Cross;
So forget the things behind thee, gaining blessing by
their loss.
All the way thy God hath led thee, still remember,
prouder still,
That its gladness and its anguish mould to His thy
thankful will.

All the way thy heart hath led thee, ('tis a blind and
perverse guide!)
Think upon awhile with sorrow, lay before thy Lord
to hide.
Make thee Saint Augustine's ladder, mounting on thy
prostrate sins;—
He who tramples self behind him in the fight is he
who wins.

So the bells at morning chanted, when their midnight
dirge was o'er,
And I listen'd till they told me, "Press thou on to
things before!"

"THE THINGS THAT ARE GOD'S."

WHOSE is this image, Christian,
This image on thy gold?
The gift of Him who paid for thee
That mighty price of old?
Is it for Christ, thy Master,
Who died to set thee free?
Or wilt thou buy from this vain world
What He gave up for thee?

Whose is this image, Christian,
This image on the times,
When men will sell their Master
For thirty silver chimes?
Is this the holy likeness
Of His true Church below,
That living gleam which the world should see,
Though her worth it cannot know?

Whose is this image, Christian,
Upon thy pain and smart,
When for Reuben's stern divisions
Are searchings of the heart?

How reads the superscription?
Where hold thy thoughts their tryst?
And will they leave Christ for the world,
Or give the world for Christ?

Oh! print *Thine* image, Master,
Upon our spirits now,
Crush sin beneath its impress,
And all their crown be Thou;
That when Thou askest, in the Day
So glorious yet so dread,
Who yielded not Thy holy trust,
We hide no guilty head.

CHANGED TO WINE.

I FILL'D life's goblet to the brim,
The smile, the spell, the song were there—
Wild golden dreams and visions dim
Of life without a pang or care.

I fill'd life's chalice, but the wave
  Was colourless and clear and cold,
It own'd no strength to make me brave,
  It had no joy to make me bold.

Christ bade me fill it—bade me gaze
  On all the world could give of joy,
Until I saw, with sad amaze,
  Its weakness, vanity, annoy.

The chalice then He bade me bring,
  The heart with all its gain and loss,
Wherein was dwelling no good thing—
  He bade me bear it to His cross.

He watch'd the struggle and the trust,
  He breathed the faith that brought it there,
He raised its visions from the dust,
  He gave it courage for despair.

He lent it lofty dreams and pure,
  High hope, above the stars to shine;
He gave it joy that would endure,
  He turn'd life's water into wine.

They knew not how this worthless wave
Red mantling ran, more rare and true
Than aught the Syrian winepress gave,
But one who drew the water knew.

For, first He made her feel her loss,
In weariness and self-despair;
But when He led her to His cross,
Lo! life's true wine of joy was there!

THE WATERS HEALED.

STATELY rose her guardian palms,
Round her brow a thousand balms
Linger'd. Bright the summer tide
Flash'd in splendour, swept in pride,
(Strange, wild music in its flow)
Past the city Jericho.

Beautiful but deathly wave!
To destroy and not to save,
Not to fertilize or bless,
Pour'd thy tide of bitterness.
What should heal thy poison'd brine?
What could bless that life of thine?

What, oh what, shall heal the soul,
From whose deep, dark fountains roll
Tides of feeling, waves of thought,
Full of barrenness and naught?
Nature's fount no life may yield,
Ere it bless it must be heal'd!

Never move we quite apart,
Life from life or heart from heart.
Never to ourselves we die!
Like the river rolling by
Life must work, for good or ill,
Ban or bless, restore or chill.

Sweetly, swiftly if Thou wilt,
By that Tide so freely spilt,
By that Love that halloweth life,
Till it flow with blessings rife;
As the salt was strewn of yore
O'er the river, rank no more,

Saviour! shed Thy love and grace
Over life in its turbid race!
Death, discouragement, or grief,
Fleeting light and gladness brief,
Whatsoe'er the heart may meet,
Then its bitter shall be sweet!

KATIE'S REST.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm."
ISAIAH xl. 11.

"DO you think that Jesus loves you, Kate,
As well as your mother dear?"
And a smile stole soft o'er the sweet pale face,
For His love had cast out fear.

A smile so soft, a gleam so faint!
As when the daylight springs;
As though the angel watching near
Caress'd her with his wings.

"Would you like to be with Him, Katie,
In His bright home and fair?
You know He shed His blood for you;
He will bring your mother there."

The labour'd breath came heavily
And slow, but no distress,
No cloud, pass'd o'er the snowy brow
As low she whispered, "Yes!"

Waiting she lay till He should come
Who bears upon His heart
Most tenderly, the weary lambs,
And nurses them apart.

Her mother watch'd and tended her,
(Not in that hour she wept!)
One kneeling clasp'd her wasted hand,
And little Katie slept.

The candle burn'd within the room,
They watch'd in hope and fear;
And the winter stars burn'd bright above,
The first of all the year.

The mother long'd to keep her child,
But knew 'twas far the best,
That Christ should send a sweeter sleep;
That was not Katie's rest!

* * * * *

A few thorns more to be struggled o'er,
And the struggles all were done;
She was wearied in the way; but rest
Was hers, ere its length was run.

From the restless world, from the bed of pain,
By the gentle breath of May,
(When the quiet tears of the soft spring rain
Were wept,) she was call'd away.

There be aching hearts and toiling feet,
And a patient longing sore;
But oh, there is joy in the golden street,
And "pleasure for evermore!"

There is joy as true as the sorrows here,
And the life-tide knows no turn.
There be mansions where they never need
The candle-light to burn.

And she is there. No anxious thought
Shall furrow that white young brow.
Oh, think of her where ye long to be!
Sweet Katie's resting now.

THE CROSS OF MONASTERBOICE.

AGAINST the deep blue sky,
Where not a cloud sails by,
O ancient Cross! thy solemn head uprear.
Lift to the midnight storm
Thy massive carven form,
As it hath look'd upon a thousand year.*

Beyond, the tall round tower,
And at thy base, a flower—
But round thine arms the mighty ring that tells
Of how eternal life
Doth circle round thy strife,
Though at thy base there must be said farewells.

* "Saints parted by a thousand year
May thus in heart embrace."—

(Christian Year.)

Why will men doubt the grace,
Whose record on thy face
Carven, hath preach'd to ages in the dark?
Why make a party sign
Of that dread mystic line
Which is our faith's true signature and mark?

North, south, or east or west,
Where mortal foot hath prest
This groaning earth, or tree of knowledge spread
Its fruit so bright, so vain,
Thou pointest to the Pain
That paid our ransom, and lifts up our head.

And here above the graves,
Where weedy wild grass waves
Above the ruin'd tracks of holy thought,
Old stone of witness! raise
The memory of Christ's praise,
That in dead centuries thy presence taught.

THE ANGEL SISTER.

SAY, in the years to come
Will they remember
Their own little Ethel,
The beam of November?
How they have loved her,
And how they have miss'd her,
Ethel, the angel,
The wee cherub-sister?

When the veil that hides sorrow
From childhood hath vanish'd,
When the heat of life's noontide
Its sweet grace hath banish'd;
When they know Baby wakes not,
Nor say, "Is she better?"
Oh, in the years to come,
Will they forget her?

She would be with them,
Learning or playing,
Lisp with them singing,
Kneel with them praying.
Do what they might,
With its blessed beguiling
There was the little face
Watching and smiling.

Ah! through the struggle
Coming hereafter,
Ever in quiet,
Often in laughter—
Sorrow hath taught me,
Faithful and tender
Shall be the picture
That memory will render.

Three little children,
In sickness and weakness,
They look'd on her last
In her suffering meekness!
Maidens and youth
At their next sunny meeting!
Never a death-pang
To shadow the greeting.

Yes! they will think of her,
  Never forgetting
Her whose first loveliness
Rose without setting.
Praying and struggling
  To be what He pleases,
How they will think of her
  Living with Jesus.

Like the first violet
  Gather'd and folded,
Where the eye of no stranger
  Shall ever behold it,
Breathing its sweetness
  To life's last November,
Is Ethel with Jesus.
  Ah! they will remember.

THY WILL BE DONE.

I KNELT and pray'd "Thy will be done!"
With troubled heart and aching head,
Where many thoughts would restless run
Bewildering, but no tear was shed,
Till softly, as with sunbeam's tread,
The next words came; and as I pray'd,
"Give us this day our daily bread!"
He told me not to be afraid.
O suffering heart! hast thou essay'd
On God's rich earthly gifts to rest?
Then must thou learn thy home is made
Not of the good, but of the best.
If Jesus' cross be as thy daily bread,
Thou in deep love and peace o'er thine wilt bow the head.

PEACE.

BIRD! light bird of fluttering wing,
Rising, falling, trembling, soaring
On the breath of early Spring,
Like a spirit half adoring,
Half in anguish, till it see
Wherefore it should not be lonely—
Hast thou found within thy nest
What my spirit seeketh, rest?
Love's deep hush, her song restoring?
Ah, like thee my soul hath sought
Rest in many a soaring thought;
Waver'd, trembled, found it only
'Neath the shadow of that Tree
Where my Saviour died for me!

BAPTIZED WITH FIRE.

NO strength to wield the armour,
No spirit for the fight,
No eagle-thoughts of glory,
No soaring to the light!

The sweet spring twilight breathing
These flowery slopes among,
I know when 'neath its wreathing
My spirit would have sung.

But life's majestic duty
Whose grandeur lifted me,
Its dreams of holy beauty
Only afar I see.

Why doth my harp not answer?
Why ebbs away the tide?
And is my soul a silent string
For ever laid aside?

But then He spake, "For ever?
Ah, moaning in thy sleep!
Dost thou forget the fountain,
Whose spring is cool and deep—

Deeper than that deep longing
Of thought, and heart, and brain—
Deeper than that dull weariness,
Far worse than busy pain?

Not laid aside for ever,
But only till thou rest—
Learn more my love unchanging,
And feel my guiding best.

Wait! for the head bow'd lowly
Shall yet be lifted higher.
Wait! for I will baptize thee
Anew with life and fire!"

Then lo, I found the fountain
Of life and joy again,
At its deep spring beneath the cross,
Where Jesus died for men.

GOD'S MARKS.

ALONG the many-crested hills
That circle round their wild, bright sea,
I look'd at morn, when light fulfils
The glory of her destiny.

I heard the torrent leap and dash,
Where dark and solemn trees arch'd o'er,
And saw on purple moors the flash
Of white wings turning from the shore.

And then at evening died the rush
Of winds and waves, and stillness fell.
And in the sunset, through the hush,
I own'd that beauty schools us well.

Anon I heard a Gaelic tongue,
I saw a poor old wrinkled face;
It must have been when she was young
That it had some bewitching grace.

The old man near her bow'd his head,
All crown'd with drooping silver hair,
And when "He prays for you," she said,
There seem'd a holier beauty there.

The Highlands bore God's seal of light,
The furrow'd brows His seal of pain,
But though the dye were dark or bright,
'Twas "Love" wherewith it stamp'd the twain.

Oh! hast thou ever felt it sad
To wear a scar through all thy youth,
And know while other eyes are glad,
That thine must read of pain in truth?

Then look around thee, look and see
The doubled form, the furrow'd face,
The maim'd, the blind, the sick that be
True golden vessels of God's grace.

Think, beauty wears God's seal in joy,
But thou may'st bear the same in gloom;
And He hath love for life's annoy,
As for its fairest, brightest room.

It may be that deep seal is set
On them, on thee, as not on all;
That those rich gleams of blessing yet
Are yours, which fell of yore on Paul.

For oh, one blessèd Brow was scarr'd,
One Life no youth of gladness knew,
One holy Form was worn and marr'd
To win eternal joy for you!

STRASBOURG, 1871.

FOUND the triple walls of Strasbourg,
Where the sweet blue Vosges arise,
Where the deep Black Forest circles,
Smile again the autumn skies.

In the moated wall of Strasbourg,
Broken gate, and batter'd arch
Tell of war's scarce silent thunder,
Tell of Right's victorious march.

By the battled lines of Strasbourg,
Where the harvests yet shall wave,
With the hum of life around it,
Even now, there lies a grave.

Through the busy streets of Strasbourg
Old men go, with sadden'd air;
Maidens wear the long black weepers
Bound above their golden hair.

Standing 'neath the clock of Strasbourg,
Heard I Death strike o'er and o'er;
Youth and childhood, age and manhood
Telling life in quarters four.

Low beneath the Dome of Strasbourg
Knelt the crowd. I turn'd away,
And my spirit wept within me
For the words that none would say;

Praying deep that over Strasbourg
Christ's true flag might be unfurl'd,
And its sorrowing hearts find comfort
In the Saviour of the world.

JULY.

NO marvel that the summer hours are dear—
In them thou camest, and in them thou wentest.
Its blessèd sky without a line of fear,
Looks on me kindly like the joy thou lentest.

The side-lights of the sunset gleam and glance
O'er new-mown fields, and in the twilight late
These mountains clasp their hands in stately dance,
And strangely watch me, leaning on the gate.

I have not lost the kindling of thine eye,
Thy step, the rich repose within thy laughter.
And summer comes, to sweep the lights gone by
To light that shadow will but show hereafter.

And all things glad and glorious speak of thee,
For there was summer in thy very presence.
That noble brow with brown curls clustering free
But wears the halo now of holier pleasance.

I hear the words that fell upon thine ear,
That to thy heart were dearer than all other,
The prayers and psalms unto mine own most dear—
And feel I have not lost thee, O my brother!

But night is still, and o'er the hills are stars.
There is no strife in their mysterious rest.
And Christ hath laid His finger on life's scars,
And taught us now that sorrow can be blest.

ST. MATTHEW XIV. 28.

"IF it be Thou," dear Saviour, say!
In this dark hour of loss.
Was it Thy hand that pluck'd away
The flower, and gave the cross?

"If it be Thou," the storm may rave,
And cold the midnight be,
But even from its new-made grave
My heart would come to Thee.

"If it be Thou," O let me feel
Thy presence through the night!
On this faint spirit set Thy seal,
And make its darkness light.

For through the storm my bark can ride,
And meekly I would bow,
And bless Thee for whate'er betide,
"If," only, "it be Thou!"

PSALM LX. 9.

"INTO the City," bright and strong,
Whose streets have many a glorious throng,
Whose palaces are fair—
Where souls are pure as the garments white,
Where love is not like the taper's light,
Oh! who shall lead us there?

"Into the City," where they know
No pain or parting, want or woe,
No weariness or snare!
After the strife, bright hosts and vast
Within its pearly gates have pass'd,
But who shall lead us there?

No mortal strength can tread the way,
No human arm can be our stay,
Nor through death's valley bear.
One, only One, who trod, before,
Life's restless waves, and gain'd the shore
For us, can lead us there!

No human soul unstain'd or pure,
Worthy that glory to endure,
That triumph-psalm to share;
But Christ hath died! and by His grace
All trusting souls shall win that place—
The Lamb shall lead them there.

Oh! grant us of that throng to be
Who hear Thy voice and follow Thee,
And feel Thy tender care!
Who reach the mansions that await
Faith, safe within the golden gate.
Lord Jesus, lead us there!

Yes, lead us! train the wilful heart,
Nor let it from Thy guiding start,
Nor chafe Thy cross to bear;
The rough and smooth, the dark and light,
Thou knowest, and Thy home is bright.
Wilt Thou not lead us there?

ST. JOHN XX. 1.

"WHILE yet 'twas dark!" No promise stole
Of morn's sweet light o'er vale or hill.
The sky was dark, but in her soul
'Twas darker, sadder, lonelier still.

While yet 'tis dark, oh! sadly now
Because we must, and cannot stay,
We too with weary spirits bow,
Sweet Saviour, at Thy feet, and pray.

Yes, though no streak of blessèd light
Have risen yet the soul within,
Thy Voice hath all its olden might
To quell our sorrow, fear, and sin.

And though in darkness we have sought
Thy light, and feebly crept to Thee—
Since to that Light Thine own are brought,
Open our eyes and let us see!

PSALM XXXVI. 9.

WHEN weak and weary sinks the soul,
Not overcoming in her strife—
Begun the race, but far the goal,
"With Thee" is still the Well of Life.

O Well, how deep! O Spring, how clear!
Unfailing through the summer heat.
To parchèd pilgrim lips how dear!
On death's faint brow how bright and sweet!

We thirst! then wherefore turn away
From Love's pure draught, from thy green brink?
Have we not heard our Saviour say
Once more, "Come unto me and drink"?

ST. LUKE XXIII. 26.

"BEAR it after Jesus,"
Whatsoe'er it be!
Never cross was needless
Laid by Him on thee.

Bear it in meek patience!
Thou art not alone—
Though to all around thee
(All but Him) unknown.

Not in gloomy silence—
Not in fever'd pride.
'Twas not thus He bore it
Who for sinners died.

Not in weak desponding—
Not because thou must.
But in meek reliance,
Childlike love and trust.

Willingly He raised it!
Sing thy Paschal Psalm,
Then thy lighter burthen,
Bear it, and be calm.

Inly in thy spirit—
Outwardly in life—
In the sick-room's silence,
In the anxious strife,

Bend thee to receive it!
He who knew it best
Can send with it blessing,
Strength, and even rest.

He, too, bore it daily
Through these shadows dim.
Wayward, well-loved spirit,
Bear it after Him.

ST. JOHN IV. 50.

"HE went his way." The clouds were broken,
The bursting heart had pour'd its prayer.
To life's own words by Jesus spoken
Had yielded all its grief and care.

That anguish for the dread to-morrow—
That agony of fear and pain—
The gathering weight of that great sorrow,
What traces of their gloom remain?

Save only that like spring-flowers blooming
After the storm, meek, chaste, and pure,
Faith, hope, and love his way illuming
Shall aid to pray and to endure.

Oh! when each weak and faint petition,
Each silent longing, hath been laid
Upon Thine altar—what condition
Soe'er have caused it to be made—

The tempted soul, the spirit weary,
The earthly need, the fever'd frame—
At sunny morn, at midnight dreary,
Be near us, Lord! be still the same.

Help us in Thy strong interceding
To leave each feeble prayer we pray;
And on Thy words of mercy feeding,
Through life and death to go our way.

PSALM XXXI. 5.

"INTO Thine hand!" Thy guidance and Thy keeping,
So pitiful and patient, wise and strong,
So kind and tender! for its joy and weeping
I yield it: for its sadness and its song.

"Into Thine hand." Because I cannot school it
To be, or do, or suffer as it ought—
This wayward spirit, asking Thee to rule it,
I do commit! Receive what Thou hast bought.

"Into Thine hand!" Not for the hour of dying,
Not for life's final agony alone—
But now, O Saviour! now its need supplying,
Its sin expelling, make it all Thine own.

Loving and meek and chaste in daily trial,
Submissive, gentle, quiet, let it be;
Obedient, trusting, full of self-denial,
Till from the world and sin Thou set it free!

HEBREWS II. 18.

"ABLE to succour" in the hour
When earthly succours fail;
When doubts and dark temptations lower,
And shocks of sin assail.

"Able to succour" when the heart
Feels nought but fear and sin;
To bid its enemies depart,
And whisper peace within.

"Able to succour" when life's breath
So faintly ebbs away;
Unchanging in the hour of death,
And in the Judgment Day.

"Able to succour"—strong to save,
Light of the darken'd soul!
Its peace, its triumph o'er the grave,
Its Hope, its Way, its Goal!

O Saviour! Thou whose mighty grace
  Is all the sinner's plea,
In all my need shew Thy dear face,
  Stoop down and succour me!

ACTS III. 1-8.

WHAT is to list to the Sabbath bells
  When crippled and poor and of low estate,
And a weary wish in the bosom swells
  For strength to enter the Beautiful Gate?

What is it to watch the crowds pass by
  "To the Temple, at the hour of prayer"—
To see the Gate and to feel so nigh,
  And yet have no power to enter there?

O favour'd feet that can enter in!
  O voices that join in the prayers and psalms!
Turn not away from the faces thin,
  And the weary spirits that ask an alms.

Yet they whose eyes on the Saviour wait
Have the way of life in their weakness trod.
By faith they enter the Beautiful Gate,
"Walking, and leaping, and praising God!"

PHILIPPIANS IV. 7.

IT "passeth understanding," the mighty peace He gives!
Its wing is on the tempest, amid decay it lives.
It lingers with the lonely, it soothes the labour'd breath,
Sings in the soul's dark chambers, and lights the brow of death.

Nor deem in days of sorrow, O weak and weary heart,
That in the Lord's inheritance there is for thee no part.
The peace Christ died to win thee hath heights and depths divine
That pass all understanding, all imagery of thine.

When burden'd with remembrance of present sins
and past,
That e'en o'er meek confession their deathly shadow
cast,
One Voice alone can whisper our pardon and release,
But evermore it addeth that tender "Go in peace."

How can we understand it? so marvellous its tale,
And our poor hearts so sinful, so changeable and frail?
But that which Jesus giveth hath neither change nor
spot,
And the flower lives by sunshine, yet understands it
not.

Meet parting benediction breathed in the house of
prayer,
That wafts us on life's battle-field new strength to do
and bear!
High anthem of the angels who sang thy song of joy,
Christ's last bequest and dearest, untouch'd by time's
alloy--

The world can never give thee—it cannot take away!
Beside thee pale its glories like tapers in the day.
Theirs is the passing fever, but thine the precious
calm,
Beyond our understanding, and yet our only balm.

PSALM LV. 23.

(PRAYER-BOOK.)

"CAST thy burden on the Lord,"
Sad heart, whate'er that burden be!
Not for the olden time alone
'Twas written, "He shall nourish thee."

The burden of thy sorrow roll
Upon His heart that loves thee best,
And gently then thy lighten'd soul
Shall float upon its deep, at rest.

'Tis not until the sudden storm
Breaks o'er thy hopes, resistless, dark,
That tenderly thy Saviour's form
Draws nearest to the tossing bark:

Nor until every note of time
On the weak heart in dulness faints,
That sweetest falls the heavenly chime,
And loveliest seems the land of saints.

'Tis not until thou lay thy load
Beneath His cross, and rest thee there,
That thou canst tell how dear the road
To every other child of care.

Ah me, what unimagined calm
He giveth when 'tis needed most!
To bitterest grief what precious balm!
To grief what thoughts, in radiant host!

And thus we think, "Beyond my dream
Of help, as now His succours come,
So, when my feet shall touch the stream,
Kind hands will come and bear me home."

O Thou whose love has borne away
The load of all our sin and woe!
Lay thy sweet burden day by day
Upon us, wheresoe'er we go.

These hearts be Thine, and Thine alone,
Made meet, in Thine own ways of love,
For that dear home—where grief, unknown,
Is needless too—the home above.

ST. JOHN V. 4.

I HAVE thought of Death as the angel
That troubles the pool of life,
For healing follows that trouble,
And rest comes after the strife.

The watchers may shrink and tremble,
To come to the shadow'd waves,
But blest is the Christian spirit
Whom their solemn cleansing laves.

He doth rise from those troubled waters
Their brief, chill baptism o'er,
And leave in them mortal weakness
To feel it, ah, never more!

And well may they wait in patience
Where their precious ones go down,
Who have Jesus walking among them,
And the hope of a heavenly crown.

LIVRÉ.

In order to impress as many warriors as could be found for the Crusades, all the soldiers of France who attended early prayer on a certain morning, on leaving the Churches found themselves marked, each with a white cross, and thus *livré*, (devoted) to the Holy War. From the mantles thus marked, being the gift of their King, comes our word *livery*.

THROUGH the cold grey morning twilight
Not a sunbeam earthward fell;
Sang no angel, truth-revealing,
Where the organ notes were pealing,
Where the hosts of France were kneeling,
Armour-dight in dim chapelle.

Forth again to day and duty,
Rank on rank the warriors came;
Lo, they look'd on one another!
Each the badge saw on his brother,
Ere he knew he wore the same.

Bound in white on each broad shoulder
Hung that badge of love and aid;
In the darkness hands had bound it
Where the wondering warriors found it;
Brave beneath it, rank'd around it,
Forth they march'd in high Crusade.

March'd to death. For high-soul'd valour
In its proudest play must pass
Like a lamp but newly lighted—
Like a stately lily blighted—
Like a gem flung, rich yet slighted,
Into time's abyss, alas!

But I saw another vision!
From life's morning, dim and gray,
March'd a host that none could number,
To its battle, from its slumber;
And their rough path shone and brighten'd
More and more, to perfect day.

In their gloom the light had found them;
Light's own robe on earth they wore;
Into symbol none could render
Their great love sublime and tender;
Theirs no outward pomp nor splendour
For the cross in heart they bore.

In the Christian armour mailèd,
In the garb of truth array'd,
Strong in faith's sublime devotion,
Brave and calm through earth's commotion,
Some for Him have cross'd the ocean,
Dying in His high Crusade.

Some guard well the Holy Fortress—
Some are hidden in the fight;
But He knows and watches o'er them,
Who hath conquer'd there before them.
Lo! beyond Death's gate, the light!

Mark'd as Thine like these Thy servants,
We Thy cross, Thy crown would wear—
Battle, toil, be still or suffer.
Lord, Thy path for us was rougher
Than thought graspeth. Hear our prayer!

THE PRAISE IN ST. PAUL'S.

DRAPE the arch with fold and fold,
Wreathed and curtain'd, dropt and roll'd,
Ducal amber, queenly gold.
Thistle, rose and shamrock twine
Through the imperial purple's shine!
Fill the lamps with many a fire!
Dome and column, steep and spire,
Burn when dies the sunny light
Praise to pour along the night.
For the noonday sun doth see
Britain's grandest pageantry—
Blazon'd symbol, banner proud,
Trampling steed and trumpet loud,
Gleaming robe and tossing plume,
Not the pageant of the tomb.

What great tide is this that pours
Like the ocean, round her shores?
Wherefore through the narrow gate
Presseth Britain's pride and state?
Cheer the millions, near and far?—
Some one goes by Temple Bar!

Soul that fliest! save o'erhead
Is no path for thee to tread;
Other way no foot may go.
For the welded millions flow
(As of old flow'd deep sea walls),
Twixt the Bar and great St. Paul's.
Soul that fliest! pass o'erhead!
Lo! she comes with gladsome tread.
God hath crown'd her queenly brow
With His smile of sunshine now.
Paceth up that aisle, the form
That hath bow'd to sorrow's storm!
Beateth true the mother's heart
To the quick and passionate start
  Jubilant, of cheer and chime—
Sudden burst, continuous swell
  Of a poem too sublime
For the measured voice to tell.

Fluttering birds that seek your home
'Neath that sombre, shielding dome;
  Nestling where its royal frown
Looms above the puny scoffer,
  From its calm height gazing down
  On what sneer sin dares to offer;

Birds that bathe the bounding wing
In the glorious light of spring,
Bearing round the sacred place
Flitting, cloistral bowers of grace,
Pour your faint and twittering notes!
While, within, the hundred throats
  Of the organ's mighty voices
Swell the anthem, pour the chant,
Praiseful, tender, jubilant,
  And the world's great heart rejoices.

Tell ye saw your Monarch come,
All her need of Christ confessing,
Blessing Him who spared her blessing.
Paying homage high and meet—
England's crown at Jesus' feet.

Tell ye saw the Princess kneel—
Saw sweet eyes no longer dim—
Blue, love-lighted, fixed on him
Who to her deep heart alone
Is life's sunshine, crown, and throne.
Speak not of the world's appeal.
(Though no cry was e'er so grand
For the heir of any land.)

Shrine, as pleading for his life,
That dear mother—that young wife.

Pause—for Albert Edward kneels.
Ah! this mighty moment seals
That which nought must alter now.
Not the promise for his brow
Of ancestral crowns alone.
More than Britain's world-wide throne.

From the sword-touch, from the dust,
Rise, O Knight! receive thy trust!
From the flame that surged and roll'd,
Cleansèd come, immortal gold.
From the lists of death's dread strife
Ride, O Prince! to grander life.

Rise! for ONE hath died for thee,
Borne the doom thou didst not see,
Fought the fight to win thy soul,
Shed His blood to make thee whole.

Pay thy homage, nerve thy hand,
Sway for Him thy mother's land;
Win the love thy father won—
Britain's Prince! be Christ's true son!

LOCHWOOD TOWER.

PICTURED and sung are thine old oaks hoar,
And sweet is the sound on thy Annan's shore;
Rich are the uplands that rise and swell
To the lighted range of the high Hartfell.

What though my fathers were lords of the spot
In an age gone by, thou dost chain me not,
Nor hold my soul with the deathless spell
Of the sweet green Isle I have loved so well.

Grey are the stones of thine ancient keep,
And swathed in the moss of an age's sleep;
But the living joy of my soul must dwell
In the sweet green Isle that I love so well.

Two ferns I take from thee, Lochwood Tower—
A leaf that is sere like thine own dead power,
And one whose vigour the world may tell
Of the sweet green Isle that I love so well.

I have nought but a memory kind for thee,
The land of my birth is the land for me;
And lofty and bright are the thoughts that dwell
In the sweet green Isle that I love so well.

"THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD."

NOT alone its empty dalliance, not alone its pomp and play
Rise in thought as I remember this world's fashion fleets away.
While the voice of the Apostle from the ages o'er me rings
Like a bell above the tempest, in the Church's tower that swings,
Strong and solemn, true and tender, peal the thoughts of deeper things.

Oh the pain and joy that mingle in the welding of life's gold!
Oh the life repress'd but deepen'd by the touch that heal'd of old!

Not till from faith's shield rebounding falls the last
dark missile hurl'd,
Shall we know how faith was fashion'd in the furnace
of this world!

Thou must love and thou must suffer—never else the
skill were thine
Of a healing hand, that beareth to life's woe the oil
and wine.
Pain must mould thee, prayer must wing thee on the
flight that sin doth spurn,
Wouldst thou learn the hymn of Advent, longing for
thy Lord's return.

This world's fashion! yet it *passeth.* Soon the last of
tears shall fall,
And we know not through what midnight shall be
heard the Bridegroom's call.
Raise our souls and fix our longings on that wondrous
life to be,
When Thine own shall be made perfect, all in one,
and one with Thee.

THE PSALM OF DAWN.

O STRANGE old words in the Hebrew tongue,
That stand before my Psalm,*
Like antler'd kings beyond the chase
Or censers fill'd with balm,
Burst on me with your bound of joy—
Breathe o'er me with your calm.

'Tis where the chords of woe are rung
By that great Love divine,
Which bore what none might ever bear
To save this soul of mine,
And where no other words could be,
That ye linger and ye shine.

Ah! when the dawn is grey and chill,
Just rising out of night,
And restless thoughts will have their will
Before the sad daylight;
And the heart alone doth faint or thrill
At pain's invisible might;

* The words "Aijeleth Shahar," or "*hind of the morning*," before the 22nd Psalm, shew that it is "to be sung at the dawn of day."

Sweet Spirit! whisper softly then
Those two brief words, and say
All that a soul can long to hear
That looks for the heavenly ray;
Aijeleth Shahar. Hear the Psalm
To be sung at the dawn of day.

O say, HE suffer'd all alone,
God's light of love withdrawn,
That it might sweep across my soul
Like sunrise o'er the lawn.
That from my Saviour's darksome grave
Doth spring mine only dawn!

O sing HE conquer'd! and life's pain
Shall ne'er be lonely more.
For the Psalm to be sung at the dawn of day
Is the key of Heaven's door.
And at night and noon and eventide
I will sing it o'er and o'er.

THE END.

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